IF THERE BE GLORY.

By Maxwell Grey. If there be glory in the sun,
If splendor on the sea.

Sweet music in all rills that run,
Great God, it is of Thee.

Thy splendor broods on icy peaks
The torrent's thunder fills;
It is Thy majesty that speaks
Among the lonely bills. The sweetest spring-flower ever blushed

On brightest morn of May, The richest bird-song ever gushed At rostest shut of day,—

The maiden moon that strayeth lone And pensive through the sky, Unloosing from her silver zone Her largesse silently,—

The solemn majesty of night,
Its stillness and its stars.
The glory when, in growing light,
The crimson day unbars;—

All could not charm, except some thought From Thee within them stirred, They touch man's soul for Thou hast wrought Their beauty by Thy word.

If there be glory in the sun,
If splender on the sea,
Sweet music in all rills that run,
Great God, it is of Thee.

God thought: worlds rolled in sudden space;

He spake, and life was there; The universe in His embrac Reposes and is fair.

## CHRISTOPHER.

AND THE FAIRY. By W. C. Morrow.

Centrepole Tom professed to know everything about all the distinguished people of the "pro-fession" in all parts of Christendom, and likely he did know a great deal; for, in his humble capacity,

did know a great deal; for, in his humble capacity, he had served many of them in divers countries, and, though a boastful man, he had never been detected in an inability to give trustworthy information. So, when it was announced, with a great show of large type, that "Christopher and the Fairy" had just landed at San Francisco from an Australian steamer, under contract for the remainder of the season, there was much excitement and curiosity among the people of the circus, and Centrepole Tom was at once exploited for knowledge concerning them.

"Hain't you ever heard of Christopher and the Fairy?" he asked, pityingly; "well, that gits me. The Fairy's the purtiest little trick on wheels, an' the way she kin do the flying trapeze is something 'stonishing. No. I hain't never seen her, but I know all about her. A fellow worked for me last season that seen her at Melbourne, and he told me a whole string of stuff about her. Every man-jack under the canvas went dead gone on her, but she never took no notice of any of 'em, and didn't seem to care for nobody's society but the women's and that ornery, measly old Christopher."

"Is Christopher her husbun?" asked a long-legged young groom

'Is Christopher her husbun?" asked a long-"Is Christopher her husbun?" asked a long-legged young groom.
"No!" thundered Tom, with so great vehe-mence that the young man quailed, and dared not ask any more questions.

"Brother?" inquired one of the ring "supers."
"No!" yelled the veteran master of the centre-pole-hoist; "he ain't her husbun, nor her brother, nor her uncle, nor her grandfather, nor her cousin."

nor her uncle, nor her grandfather, nor her cousin."

The head-hostler, as much a veteran as Centrepole Tom, and more modest and less theatrical than he, quietly said:

"No use making a fool of yourself and putting on airs before these here boys. I don't know who Christopher is, an' I ain't ashamed to say so. Now, who is Christopher?" This was the supreme moment for which Centrepole Tom had waited. He squared himself around, and, looking steadily at the head-hostler, suid impressively and with the utmost deliberation:

"Christopher is an'elephant."

It was a small speech, but it was some time after

It was a small speech, but it was some time after his before the two men became good friends

There was a commotion all through the small army of circus people when Christopher and the Fairy arrived. They did not come to the tents for two or three days after landing, as it was rumored that Christopher had been seasick on the voyage across the Pacific and needed a little rest. When they did appear, however, they were cordially welcomed. The women of the circus found the Fairy (who, in private life, was known as Miss Camilla Armijo) to be a delightful girl, more substantial than a genuine tairy, to be sure, but hardly more so: for, although she was full-grown, she was so small and fragile that her professional name sat well upon her. There was a light touch of sadness in all her conduct, and Centrepole Tom explained this by saying that she had recently lost both her parents. How he discovered this, nobody ever could learn. But it was clear, at least, that she was a very sweet and gentle little body, very young, and with no friend in San Francisco except old Christopher.

I say "old Christopher" hecause it is impossible to associate anything but great age with his enormous propertions and overwhelming dignity. He was an East Indian elephant, of prodigious size. A more solemn and self-satisfied elephant it would have been impossible to find.

After the Fairy had been introduced to the remainder of the season, and had chatted and quietly laughed with them a little, she turned to the menagerie man and saif-There was a commotion all through the small

quietly laughed with them a little, she turned to

nemagerie man and said:

Now, we will show Christopher his quarters,"
d, by the dignified flapping of his great ears,
ristopher seemed to add: "Yes; we are prered now to see what you can do for old

And, by the dignified Happing of his great ears, Christopher seemed to add: "Yes; we are prepared now to see what you can do for old Christopher."

In fact, while they were about it, and all feeling a certain interest in the little stranger and her big companion, the whole company—the two clowns, the man who turned the double backsomersault, the strong man, the woman who wore a yellow wig when she rode bareback, the two men who did the great act on the horizontal bar, and some others, including Centrepole Tom and the surly head-man of the hostlers—went to see how Christopher was going to be disposed of. That was a simple affair; the great pachyderm was conducted to his allotted place in the menagerie tent, where an iron pin was driven into the ground and a chain, which was riveted to it, was locked around one of his legs. The pin and the chain were part of his belongings, and he was accustomed to be chained up thus and made no objection. Evidently he suffered no loss of dignity by this operation, for he appeared to say to himself, "This is perfectly proper. I am sure; for it is the rule of all circuses to keep the animals in some sort of confinement, and, although it accomplishes no useful purpose in my case. I believe in discipline and cheerfully submit to the rules."

It was very pretty to see how solicitous was the later of her immense charge. She saw that he

complishes no useful purpose in my case, I believe in discipline and cheerfully submit to the rules."

It was very pretty to see how solicitous was the Fairy of her immense charge. She saw that he had a sufficient allowance of fresh, sweet hay, and, from a bag which she carried, she fed him some dainties which she had for that purpose and which he took in his lithe trunk with manifest tokens of gratitude. She patted his great jaws and said kind things to him, and he took it all as a matter of course, seeming to say, "I see nothing at all strange in the affection and solicitude which this beautiful little Fairy lavishes upon me: for am I not a very large and majestic elephant, and does she not know that I love her better than does any one else in all the world?" And it was pretty to see how gently she bade him good-by until the evening performance, which would begin in two hours from that time.

There was a far greater crowd than usual at the performance that evening, for the flaming

There was a far greater crowd than usual at the performance that evening, for the flaming public announcements of Christopher and the Fairy had borne profitable fruit. Not only were the seats packed all the way up to the caves, but rows of extra seats had been provided on the level ground facing the ring. Several acts were done before the manager announced the new performers, which he did in the following graceful

done before the manager announced the new performers, which he did in the following graceful manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I now have the pleasure to introduce to you the most celebrated performers of Her Majesty's Australian colonies—Christopher and the Fairy. You will see for yourselves that Christopher is the largest and most powerful elephant in captivity, and that the Fairy justly deserves her reputation for being the most graceful and daring flying-trapeze performer in the world. The performances of these two renowned individuals will consist in ground acts in which they both take part, followed by the flying-trapeze act done by the Fairy alone, Christopher meanwhile standing below and looking on, at the same time giving signals to the Fairy and otherwise encouraging her in her daring and perilous performance high in the air."

When he had finished, the elephant came slowly walking out, and thereupon rose a mighty shout of applause and a great clapping of hands. Sitting on the massive shoulders of the enormous brute was Fairy, glittering with spangles. She was so small, and fragile, and dainty, and Christopher was so overwhelming, and majestic, and stern, that the strange picture caught the audience with sweeping force, and the applause became deafening. Christopher calmly marched into the ring and proceeded deliberately around it, the Fairy meanwhile guiding him with gentle hand-pressure on one side of his neck or the other, while with the other hand she threw kisses to the audience. Her bare, dimpled arms and smiling, dimpled cheeks, her rosy mouth, her large black eyes, and curling black hair in which diamonds shone, won every heart for her in that immense crowd: for so much sweetness and grace and daintiness they had never seen all at once in a circus ring before.

The circuit of the ring completed, the elephant

and daintiness they had never seen all at once in a circus-ring before.

The circuit of the ring completed, the elephant stopped and listened gravely to the sorry jokes of the clown. He had heard them before and was not to be amused. The Fairy bounded to her feet on the great animal's back, and there found room for some entertaining tricks of agility. Then she gave him a tap with her slippered little foot, and, in response, he brought his long trunk around, caught her by the waist, and set her gently on

the ground. This made the audience applaud until the Fairy was almost deaf. Other things, some old and some new, were done by the two, such as his walking over her, stepping ever so carefully, as she lay on the ground; recovering her handkerchief from the clown, who had stolen it and hidden it in his blouse; throwing her high in the air and stepping forward in time to have her alight nimbly on his back; and things like that. Then came her act on the flying-trapeze.

To prepage for this the clown fetched her a flag,

Then came her act on the flying-trapeze.

To prepare for this the clown fetched her a flag, which she gave to Christopher to hold in his trunk. Then the clown threw a tape over a trapeze hung high in the air, and, with a few parting caresses and whispered words to Christopher, she sprang to the tape and climbed it like a squirrel. She sat a moment on the trapeze bar and then glanced down at Christopher, who, sitting back on his haunches the better to look so high, was gravely watching her. The band had stopped playing. A clear, musical voice from above, dropping like pearls on the people below, called out:

"How was that, Christopher?"

The elephant waved the flag and gravely nodded

The elephant waved the flag and gravely nodded

The elephant waved the flag and gravely nodded his approval.

Then came the real work of the act—all sorts of agile turnings and graceful leaps from the main bar to one hung higher still; and after every one of these feats, each more daring than its predecessor, she would call down in her musical, pearly voice:

"Was that all right, Christopher?"

And Christopher would wave the flag and solemnly nod his approval, as much as to say:

"Of course it was all right; but we expect that from you, little fairy!"

Finally came her greatest feat—it was to leap clear across the ring from one trapeze to another. She rested awhile before undertaking it, and Christopher, knowing what was coming, braced himself, all his massive muscles going on a tension, as though trying to give her strength and alertness for the dangerous task. The band played a spirited air while the girl sat still on the bar; then the music ceased, and a deep hush fell on the audience. The fairy caught the bar in her hands and swung underneath it, and her clear voice rang out again:

"Keep a sharp eye, old Christopher!"

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"Keep a sharp eye, old Christopher!"

andience. The fairy caught the bar in her hands and swung underneath it, and her clear voice rang out again:

"Keep a sharp eye, old Christopher!"

The elephant nodded and waved his flag, but with less statelings than before. The Fairy began to swing backward and forward in the direction of the distant trapeze, which she was to catch after her flight through the air. Further and further did she swing, higher and higher, back and forth, her glittering spangles looking like a shower of meteors. A ringing voice cried out:

"Now we go, Christopher!" and she loosed her hold and went flying away across the tent, higher and higher, to the apex of a graceful parabolic curve, then down toward the trapeze, still so far away, while the people held their breath, and many closed their eyes. Down sailed the small and graceful figure, coming quickly closer to the goal; two eager hands were outstretched to seize the bar: one hand touched it and clutched it desperately, but the other missed its aim. The momentum sent her flying far beyond, but she still held the bar with one hand, and the ropes which held it creaked as the strain came upon them. A hold with one hand was not enough, and the Fairy had not time to bring the other to bear when the bar found the end of its tether. The small hand slipped, and the girl went flying for bear when the bar found the end of its tether. The small hand slipped, and the girl went flying to ward the ground. A suppressed ery of horror rose from the audience as the frail little body struck the ground at the entrance to the waiting-room, falling with a heavy, cruel sound that went into every herzi in that vast assemblage and that made the strongest men shudder and groan and cover their faces.

She fell near the feet of Centrepole Tom, who was standing behind the musicians, and he was the first to approach her. He straightened the bady and looked in the blanched face and widestaring eyes, and silently prayed for even a moan from the silent, white lips. The audience rose in an uproar, and thousands

and then, with great difficulty, she raised her hand and gently caressed his rough old face. "Poor Christopher! It will break your old heart to see me die. You have loved me, Christopher. But they'll be good to you."
Teurs trickled down her cheeks, the hard lines deepened, the poor face became more pinched and drawn, the beautiful eyes wandered vacantly and then closed and the Fairy passed into unconscio

then closed and the Fairy passed into unconsciousness again.

A physician now came and knelt beside her, and, after he had examined her as well as he could, he said:

"She is desperately hurt, but she is young and is still alive. You must take her at once to a house, where I may care for her properly."

They gently picked her up, and, as they did so, a mean escaped her. This roused the ciephant, already dazed by what had happened. He began elumsity rising to his feet, watching them as they bore her away, and was evidently determined to follow. Seeing this, Centrepole Toru, who held the light body in his arms, harried away, and almost ran to a small hotel not far distant. He took the Fairy within and laid her on a bed which they showed him in a rear room on the which they showed him in a rear room on the ground floor. But Christopher had not lost sight of him, in

lie took the Fairy within and laid her on a bed which they showed him in a rear room on the ground floor.

But Christopher had not lost sight of him, in spite of the crowd; and those without, seeing thristopher's intention of keeping close to his friend, and knowing it was impossible, sought to stay him. They shouged to him and tried to drive him back, but he noticed them not at all. Hey threw boxes and chairs in his way, but he tossed them aside. A carriage, which stood in his way, was crushed. Christopher seemed to think that, as his friend was among strangers, she was among enemies, and needed his protection. He would not give her up.

The situation was desperate. Men counseled shooting him, but how could a pistol-bullet find a vital spot in his enormous body? Besides, he was already maddened by the opposition he had encountered and further tormenting might lead to dire results. Before anything could be done, before any plan could be matured, he had reached the house. The door was closed and locked before him and furniture was piled behind it; but, with his massive head lowered, he went straight against it, and everything was crushed before his advance. Once in the house, he stopped and listened for the sound of her voice. He heard faint moans, and mistook the direction whence they came, for he started straight for the wide staircase leading to the upper floor. Up the stairs be began a laborious ascent, the helpless crowd standing in motionles dismay. Up he toiled, roaring terribly at intervals. The wooden stairs creaked and groaned under his tremendous weight. The plastering near them began to fall, timbers were sprung and wrenched from their fastenings, and the whole house quivered.

The catastrophe came at last. Just before Christopher reached the top, the whole staircase came down with a frightful crash, and the gigantic and spinitered. A mighty groan escaped him, for the fall had done him desperate hurt. He struggled and foundered in the mass of wrecked tim bers, and finally, after a supreme attempt, he

"WE ARE FROM NEW-YORK."

A WINTER RESORT FARCE. SCENE I.

(Place-The Wishlacoochee Hotel, Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Putbail, of New-York, have just arrived, and have been ushered into the dining-room for breakfast.) Mrs. P.-Well, we're here at last, though I must say I don't see what there is about Florida to make such a fuss about. But then, coming from New-York, we can't be expected to go into raptures over any other place. People from other places always look so countrified! Did you look on the register, Magnus, to see if there are any New-Yorkers in the hotel? Mag-Yes, my dear, and I am afraid there are non-

Mrs. P .- Ch, horrors! Let us leave after breakast. I never could endure a place where there are

Mag (slyly)-Well, dear, there have been some pl ou couldn't endure because there were New-Yorkers. Mis. P.-Nonsense, Magnus, you know what I mean. Of course there are low people in New-York recently come from the country whom I wouldn't know under any circumstances. They try to pass off as old in-habitants by putting on an outward veneer of manner and style. But they can't deceive me. I can tell them at a glance. (Looking around the room through quizzing-glass, with an air of superior insolence. New-Yorkers always show that they know they are from New-York, and outsiders can't imitate us. (Di-

recting her gaze on a quiet, well-mannered, mas-suming lady and gentleman at the next table and raising her voice for their benefit.) Why, Magnus, there are those country looking people who came down on the train with us. I should have thought from their looks that they would have gone to a second-class house. But I suppose the poor creatures wanted to get near swell people for once in their lives. How easy it is to see they are not from New-York! Such atrocious dressing. And such democratic manners! Why they were positively cordial to everybody on the train, including the porter. And in the bus he got up and gave his seat to a fat old negress. Oh, no, they are not from New-York. Did you happen to notice who they are and where they are from?

Mag (evidently distressed by his wife's insolence and loud tones)-Not so loud, my dear. Don't you know it is very bad form to talk at people! Their name was blotted, and so I couldn't make it out, but they come from Hohokus, N. J.

Mrs. P.-Never mind their names, then? It's enough to know where they come from. How such country bumpkins can have the face to come to a first-class hotel is past my comprehension! Where do you sup-pose they get their money? I presume, however, they starve themselves the rest of the year in order to get a little outing. I knew she wasn't a lady when I saw how deferentially she talked to that ridiculous, con-samptive schoolma'm on the train. People who are used to low society always think everybody they meet as good as they are, if not better.

Mag (despairingly)-Well, dear, let's make the best Mag (despairingly)—Well, dear, let's make the best of whatever place we are in. Here's breakfast.

Mrs. P. (glancing critically at the breakfast and apparently uncertain what line to take in regard to it)—Waiter, what is your name?

[The object of the content o

Waiter-Dey gin'rally calls me S'nack'rib, ma'am. Mrs. P. (majestically)-I shall call you Snack. Do on know if your French chef has ever been employed in New-York! snack-No, ma'am, I tink he dun come from up

Tallahassee way. Mrs. P. (indignantly pushing various dishes away from her)—I knew it: I knew it the moment I set eyes on this staff. Magnus, we certainly can't remain here. No one from New-York and a cook from up Tallahassee way! Snack, take this breakfast right back and tell the cook it is not fit to eat. He will understand when you say that we are from New-York, and are used to the best. Take it right back, and say that if he can't do better we shall at once see the proprietor.

Mr. P. (who being hungry is aghast at the removal
of the really excellent brenkfast)—My dear, you are really going too far. So far as I could see there was people ordered the same breakfast and seem to be

mjoying it very much. Mrs. P.-Magnus, you don't understand the refinements of life. Even if the breakfast was all right, as you say, which it wasn't, I did right in sending it back, for it will impress on the people here the fact that we are from New-York and can't be imposed upon. All the swell people in New-York make a fuss over things, even when they are all right that the best light that the when they are all right, just to show that they know what's what. It is an English idea. (Inspecting another breakfast, which Snack has just brought.) Ah. that is better. I knew it would do some good to tell them that we are from New-York. You see, Magnus, I was right. This breakfast is really decent.

Snack (aside)-Golly, she am a corker; but I dun got de best ob her. I brought back ezakly de same brekfus she sent away. He, he, he!

fagnus, we are not to mingle with any of the people here. They are not from New fork, and one must be careful.

Mr. P. (defiantly)-That's all right, but I know a good many New-Yorkers about whom I should be very careful. You must learn to take people as they are. I dare say you would find those Hobokus people pleasant nough, and I'll be darned if I snub them for anybody. Mrs. P.—Magnus, how can you! Would you have me put myself on a level with villagers, who, perhaps, keep a country store? If I speak to that woman at all, it will be simply to show her who I am, and show her how a lady from New-York holds herself.

Mag. (under his breath)-Confound New-York.

Mag. (under his breath)—Confound New-York.

SCENE II.

(On the plazza of the hotel-Sitting around is the motiey collection of Northern and Western people usually found in Florida during the season. Glimpses of "Crackers" here and there. Uncle Cephas Dibble, of Maine, is telling old man Rubadub, of Rubadubville, Ohio, what a great State Florida would have been if Maine men had settled it. Mrs. Copestone, of Philadelphia, is telling a group of ladies how scrappie may be made in eleven different ways. Various ladies, each wearing a shawl, are swapping diseases, a nastime from deiphia, is telling a group of ladies now scrappie may be made in eleven different ways. Various ladies, each wearing a shawl, are swapping diseases, a pastime from which they seem to derive great comfort. Professor Dormouse, of Boston, is impressing upon the Rev. Rich-man Charmer two facts, first, that the Rev. Joseph Cook nan Charmer two facts, first, that the Rev. Joseph Cook is not as omniscient as he used to be, owing to the circumstance that he knows more, and accordiy, that the present religious revolution originated in Boston, just after Professor Dormouse's book "Myths and Morality" appeared. The consumptive schoolma'am is trying to feed happy by forgetting that she has money enough to remain just two weeks in Florida. Mrs. Puffball and Mrs. Hohokus are sitting together. The former lady starts the conversation, being careful to remind Mrs. Hohokus in a multitude of little ways that there is a great social gulf fixed between them, all of which appears to afford Mrs. Hohokus considerable quiet amusement. Mr. Pudfball and Mr. Hohokus are smoking and chatting together amicably enough, at some little distance.)

Mrs. P.—Yes, I presume it must be horribly dull in a little place like Hohokus. I simply couldn't stand it; but then I'm from New-York, you know. Of

it; but then I'm from New-York, you know. Of course, it is different with those who have never known anything better. Mr. Puffball sometimes talks about going to live in the country. But I tell him it will be time enough to think of that when we have lost all our money. I suppose you manage to run in to the city once in a while? Have you ever stiended the opera? It seems to me I saw you one evening in an orchestra chair near the door. Our box being on the side, commands a good view of the prchestra. And you have no idea what fun it is to watch the rabble down there, who come to hear the music and hiss at us if we say a word. Have you ever been in Florida before?

Mrs. H.—Yes, we ran down to the Ponce for a short

time last winter But I think I like a quieter and less fashionable house like this. (Smiling quizzically.) The cooking here is delightful, don't you think so ! Mrs. P .- I must beg to differ with you. Why, they don't have any chef, only a coarse negro from Tallahassee! Of course such things don't make so much difference to people from the country, but as we are from New-York, we miss our French chef. (The French chef in the Puffball flat on East 'Steenthst. answers to the name of Bridget Doolan, and she came from Cork in the steerage just two years ago.) Mrs. H. (very humbly)—of course, being from the country, I can't understand how much you must suffer. I sometimes think that plain people like ourselves miss a great many vexations that come to you leaders of society in New-York. It must be very wearing to be in the mad whirl of excitement all the time and to feel that the success of expectations of your leaders, or you.

everything depends on you!

Mrs. P. (plainly gratified)—Yes, it is hard; but 1 know my duty too well to complain. You know we really belong to the public, and must not think of

gets used to it, though I am afraid I never could. (Smiling.) If I ever should try to get into New-York society, I should certainly beg of you to vouch for me—that is I would if I did not know that it would be presumptious in me. People who live in Hohokus should recognize their place.

Mr. 2.—No, I don't think we shall stay here very long. Mrs. Puffball doesn't seem to like it very much

Mr. H .- Ah, your name is Puffball. Do I undertand that you are from New-York?
Mr. P.-Yes.

Mr. H.-Is it possible that you are the man whose name I have under consideration as manager of some of my tenement-house property in New-York? Mr. P. (very much pareurbed)-Why, are you from

Mr. H.-Oh, yes, my name is Blueblood, and we have been Gothamites for four generations, though we registered here from our country place at Hohokus, because we have just come from there. But are you the Mr. Puffball who wrote to me asking to be appointed my manager! If so, I liked your references, and I liked your letter, for in it you say that you began life as a janitor, and from that humble position have risen to be the manager of several large estates.

Mr. P.— (very red in the face as he remembers his wife's treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Blueblood). Yes, I am the person you refer to, and I hope you will see

your way to giving me the position. Mr. Blueblood.-Frankly I am predisposed in your favor, but I must take more time for the decision. In the meanwhile I will wish you a very good morning

Mr. P.—(Leading his wife away to a secluded corner of the plazza.) Mrs. Puffball, you have done it now with your foolish snubbing of everybody who isn't from New-York. . That Hohokus couple whom you have been insulting and sneering at are Mr. and Mrs. Longpurse Blueblood, of Fifth-ave., owning no end of real estate and worth about \$50,000,000 in cold cash, and I was dead-sure of getting the management of his property; he as much as told me so. But after the way you have acted, of course I stand no show. A pretty mess you have made by remarking every minute, "We are from New-York"! Why, these Bluebloods have been New-Yorkers for f'ur genera-tions, and could buy and sell us a thousand times. They are leaders in the most exclusive set of the "Four Hundred," where we can't show our faces, and yet you jeered at them as country bumpkins! what's the use of talking? The thing is done now. You said you didn't want to stay here. Well, neither do I. We'll take the next train for the North. I've had enough of Florida!

Mrs. P. (with unwonied meekness)-Very well, dear

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

A STORY TOLD BY MARK TWAIN. From Harper's Magazine.

A STOIR TOLD FY MARK TWAIN.

From Happer's Magazine.

Now I come to the oddest thing that ever happened to the state of Narch—when suddenly a red hot new idea cannot be a state of Narch—when suddenly a red hot new idea cannot such comprehentive effectiveness as to sweep a such comprehentive effectiveness as to sweep as the victimity clean of rubiday reflections, and III. In the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and III. In the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and III. In the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and III. In the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and III. In the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the state of the state of rubiday reflections, and the rubiday reflections and rubiday reflections, and the rubiday reflections, and the rubiday reflections, and the rubiday reflections and rubiday reflections, and the rubiday reflections, and rub

thus and miles away! If one should quest this is so, let him look into the cyclopaedia once more that curtous thing in the histor ventions which has puzzled every one so mi is, the frequency with which the same mo other contrivance has been invented at the sa by several persons in different quarters of the

## RAT-CATCHING.

From The London Globe.

From The London Globe.

Though the tenant and the landlord, the game keeper and the gardener, bewall the plague of rats, there is one personage who is delighted at its existence, and that is the lazy, sport-loving, poaching village wastrel, who finds in-sat-catching an employment that at once gratifies his incliration for out-of-door recreation and yields a respectable wage without excessive toil. In Norfolk there hardly seems to be a hamlet without one or two men of this kind in it, and, being in that county about a fortnight ago, I took a fancy to watch a forencon's rut-catching. That was no difficult matter. You cannot take a walk without coming across some one engaged in it. The specimen I stumbled upon was a stiffly built, but strong made veteran of sixty or so, bwith a bristly gray mustache, a big voice, a sharp eye, and a joke ready for every occasion. His implements were a long spade with an Iron hook on the handle, a sickle for clearing away nettles and undergrowth, and a box, which contained Ms ferrets, and a number of glass-stoppered bottles. "The varmin bit so," he explained," he had to carry olntiments and bulsams to dress the wounds." Taking up one of his fergets, he showed where its bread was all seared with toothmarks. For the protection of his covariance of the search of the search of the most interesting part of his equipment consisted of the sharpest-looking dogs: I have ever seen. The fancter who administers small doses of arsente in order to make the coats look well on the show bench might well have envied them the healthy, glistening skins produced by constant work in the open. Yet the creatures themselves were hopeless mongrels, in color and shape not unlike scotch terriers, but larger.

A hole was just being finished as I went up. "Is there any more, Bob!" asked the ratcatcher, addressing just as if he had been a Christian the most aged of his followers. Bob snifted and turned away. "All right," said his master, "go on to the next." Bob wagged his fail, and set of along the back of the d

VESEY STREET ODDITIES.

YOU HAVE ONLY TO ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT AND YOU WILL GET IT.

Vesey-st. contains a mixture of professions, trades and sights which rival the picturesqueness of some European streets with their motley crowds, assorted ostumes and babel of tongues. Beginning at the river and West-st., which fronts it, the first building on the right is Washington Market, extending back to the street that bears its name. Here is the overflow of stalls and counters which are characteristic of the street. Fruits, game, shellfish and other kinds as well, cheap—very cheap—meats, celery and green goods are sold here. Here also are figs, dates and nuts and all kinds of birds ready for cooking. Let it be added that the impartial dust of Vescy-st., failing on fruit and fowl alike, makes necessary their thorough washing

Vesey-st. business may be divided into three classes according to site-first floor, upstairs and street.

Among the first may be classed several restaurants, a number of wine and liquor dealers, importers and rectifiers, a shoe manufactory, a large grocery, crockery and glassware store, wholesnle and retail cigar places, several large tea and coffee warehouses, a fruit store and a place where all sorts of baskets are on sale. The space outside the windows of this last is gay with colored wicker, rattan and splint. The tea stores display their outside wares in huge bins which are discreetly covered with strong iron netting, else many a passer-by might hastily secure a handful of the fragrant beans and leaves. They also show gaudy tin cans with certain brands of goods, and the reds and yellows add to the symphony of bright colors on the street. There is also a candy store whose whole front can be removed. Many of the stores are arranged in that way and the majority of Vesey-st. business can be described in a word as street trade."

A toy store overflows on the sidewalk with rows of books, dangling groups of dolls and mechanical toys of all sorts. Hardware stores are another feature of the street. They always set many of their wares out on booths next to their windows and display in baskets or boxes of uniform size everything in the metal line. They are always surrounded by groups of men looking at bargains in knives, rulers, nutpicks, brooms, picture cord, hooks and things unmentionable because of their variety.

The clothing trade is represented by a

though they remark, "How good it smells," they do not often buy. The thyme and sage man in the fall is supported by the man with wreaths and bunches of shining Christmas greens. Another enterprising ped-ler has his clothesbasket full of bunches of ferns, whose roots are stuck in balls of moss-covered soil. He at least, is natronized by the weaker sex, and his basket will not hold the glossy fronds very long. An egg-denier has piled up his wares with a toy rooster standing over all, and near him is a stall, like others on the street, where a young fellow presides over cheap notions and fancy goods, including red and white lampwicks, bandanas of every size and hue, pocketbooks buttons, stockings, suspenders and many other things, If one looks in his direction he is ready with a nasal. Can I sell you anything to-day !"

A woman who is arranging her wares similar to these shakes out a bunch of children's black hose, pounding them against the top of a convenient barrel to get the dust out. One man has a little stock of eveglasses, some cravats, collar-buttons and a square white cushion stuck full of scarf-pins. There are pink and white popcorn-balls; there are trunks and travellingbags. A man with his stock of peacock feathers tied in bunches and spread out on a newspaper stands next to another whose variety of canaries in little wooden cages has attracted a crowd.

On the patform of steps leading to a big building a man has spread his supply of second-hand silver and cutlery. There are a few dozen knives, forks and spoons, but little else except a worn-out butter-dish or two. A young woman dressed in a dull-colored gown with a shabby sack and a crooked felt hat, whose garnet velvet bands and thin feathers look draggied tnd soiled, is out to buy, and she is dickering for two greasy-looking plated tablespoons, on whose backs the silver has begun to wear off. "You see dot mark," says the dealer, pointing to

the lettering on the spoon, "dot was driple plate,

The tone of the man settles it. She burs the two. which are wrapped in a bit of old newspaper, and goes proudly home with what is probably her first silver-ware. The old-clothes women are oddities of the street. They are often grotesque-looking women, who come early to their stands in the lobbies of some large buildings, and, unpacking a lot of second-band clothes

come early to their stands in the lobbies of some large buildings, and, unpacking a lot of second-hand clothes wrapped in old table covers or curtains, they arrange them in piles to attract passers-by. Some of the garments seem in good repair, though much wrinkled and dusty. One woman displayed two large squares of patchwork, ready to quilt, as her novelties.

A man who sells stove-polish vends his wares assiduously on clear days. A drop of rain would spoil the beautiful polish of his toy stove, which with some iron images and a row of glistening stove legs are his advertisements. Another has a basketful of sponges at surprisingly low rates. Sometimes these sponges drop to pieces after being used a few times; sometimes they prove quite good. To invest in them is a game of chance. Still another dealer shows a glittering phalanx of 25-cent knives, also toy novelty watches which when opened startle children by a Jack-in-the-box who springs out. Not far away a man stands all day long gilding a plaster image not more than a foot high to advertise his stock, which rests in a box at his feet. While he sings out his wares he is slowly covering the white figure with yellow. One wonders whether he can calculate so closely that when the day closes he shall just reach the top of the head or tip of the nose, and whether by some process he can wash the gilding off at night, to do it all over again the next day. His profits could hardly stand the purchase of a new figure cach morning unless he can sell the gilded ones.

The women who sell toys and china seem to be the queerest inhabitants of Vesey-st. Their wrinkled old faces form such contrasts to the pink countenances of wax dolls and the white and gilt tea sets. They hatter amicably as they set out their stock. The china dealer puts here fearlessly on tiers of boards.

just over iron gratings, and she seems to be a to keep most of them from breakage.

Passing up the block nearest Broadway occus on the right the office of the rector of Trinity Church also St. Paul's School and chergy office in a plannice-looking brick building with stone trimmings. The begins the "city of the dead," ending where the bown walls of old St. Paul's Church front Irondway. Then in ground almost priceless because of its site, rest a host of distinguished and undistinguished dead. Protunds care keeps the sod fine and well trimmed the shrubs and trees in good order, and the weather won headstones erect. The high iron fence next to Vesyst. keeps out intruders, but the broad stone coping of which it is fastened furnishes a resting place for many weary travellers, and the side of the graveyard is uninvaded with traffic save for an old apple woman's stand at the corner.

A PANTHER KILLED ON NORTH MOUNTAIN

PARMERS IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, PENN. NOW KNOW WHAT MANGLED THEIR SHEEP.

Scranton, Penn., Nov. 23.—Many mights this fall the screams of a strange wild animal were heard in various parts of the forest on North Mountain, over in Sullivan County. One morning last month Leopold Wagner, who lives at the foot of the west side of the mountain, found two of his sheep lying dead in a field next to the woods. Their throats had been torn and one of the carcasses partly devoured. Stephen Schultz and Byron J. Niles each had three lambs stolen from their pastures. On the east side of the mountain O. R. Little, Henry A. Bolles, Darins D. Hopewell and J. R. Osterhout had several sheep and lambs killed, and when they told one another about the loss they conclude that the depredations had all been committed by the same wild beast. Subsequently Mr. Hopewell found the remains of two sheep in a ravine a mile and a half from the clearing, and later Mr. Bolles ran across som sheep bones and a mass of wool between two logs, mile back in the woods.

Up to the day after election none of the resident had a glimpse of the destructive animal. On that der Marcus Tuttle went into the woods on the west side of the mountain to dig ginseng roots. As he was about to cross a gorge, two miles from the clearing, he saw a long-bodied animal stretched at full length on the trunk of a tree that lay across the stream. He hurried away, and looking over his shoulder he saw leap from the log and disappear in the forest. The next night Mr. Schultz lost another sheep. Mr. Tuttle declared that the beast was a panther. A few days later Charles Felker caught sight of it while he was hunting rabbits in the woods, and he said he the the same thing.

most daring hunter in the region, set out to hunt the panther down. A little tracking snow had fallen the night before, and Scrambling shouldered his Winchester rifle and trudged into the woods with provisions enough to last him three days. In the afternoon he got track of the panther and followed it till nightfall. He slept in the woods, and some time in the night he heard the panther screaming off to the south. At daybreak on Wednes day morning Scrambling resumed his hunt. The tracks led up and down the mountainside, along the top of the mountain and through several ravines, and when night came the hunter had not got a glimpse of the beast. He passed the second night in the forest The snow stayed, and as soon as it was light of Thursday he took up the trail again.

Scrambling tramped until nearly noon, when he saw the panther for the first time. It was walking along a ledge of rocks and gazing into a deep guich below when he spied it. Scrambling instantly fired, and the panther leaped into the air with a scream and went headlong over the ledge. The hunter ru to the edge of the bluff, and for y or fifty feet down he saw the panther tearing in the bushes. Again he fired, and the panther sprang upward and rolled to the foot of the bluff, where it lay limp and lifeless when Scrambling clambered down. The weary hunter was then eight miles from home. He lugged the panther's carcass all the way back and hung it up in his yard for the losers of the sheep to look at. It measured six feet nine inches from nose to tail, and weighed 10 pounds.

stuffed and mounted last week by George Friant, the stuffed and mounted last week by George Friant, the Lackawanna-ave, taxidermist. It was three feet three inches long, stood sixteen inches high, and weighed twenty-seven pounds and a quarter. The wildcat was a male, and in his stomach Mr. Friant found the feet and hair of an opossum. John Shiffer slew the animal over in Monroe County. He was hunting birds, and the wildcat sprang out of the brush at his dog. Before it reached the dog Mr. Shiffer shot it in the left side with No. 7 shot and killed it.

" THE BEST WISDOM."

SOME VIEWS ON DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER

Island Academy. Island Academy.

What will you do with your lives! We, who are older, who have lived longer and travelled further, are usually ready enough with our counsel; but it is your ideal that must lead you now, and not the advice of others. Honor and truth we take for granted. "I would be virtuous," said an old philosopher, "though no one were to know it, Just as I would be clean, though no one were to see me." The book of common-place precept need not be opened here. Yet there is one word of counsel which now more than ever-in

would be virtuous," said an old philosopher, though no one were to see me." The book of commonplace precept need not be opened here. Yet there is one word of counsel which now more than everin this Pagan age of denial and democracy—ought to be spoken to the youth of America. Be yourselves, and 
never abandom your noble aspirations! You canned 
live in absolute independence of the world. You mash 
have affiliations with other persons. But it is not imperative that those affiliations should be numerous, and 
you have it within your power to make them select. 
You are under no obligation to imitate others or to 
minds to be foundated with the ignorance, the cradity 
and the vapid chatter of commonplace persons. But 
not too much reverence the past. Old burdens that 
have rolled from the shoulders, of weary and dying me 
and women should not be taken up again by you. In 
is your life that you must live; it is not theirs; and 
now that they rest from their labors let their worls 
follow them. Neither must you suppose yourselves 
no joined to assume the burdens that other persons have 
created in the present day. Let those attend by 
gritis to be dejected, your hopes darkened and your 
lives encumbered with the vices, the errors, the 
follows and the weakness of fallures and of fool. 
Is, no doubt, pittable and geplorable that fallures 
and of sols should exist and suffer; but they must not 
permitted, merely because they exist and suffer 
sold doubt and the sum porary and the expedient that 
is gregarious. In every great moment of life—in nevery 
time of insight or inspiration or crisis—the humabeit 
salone. The object of education, theretaxing the 
transitory. The soul 
transitory in soul that endough the expedient that 
is greated to have a commonly entertained. People 
who claim to be practical but are only narrow are 
time of insight or inspiration or crisis—the humabeit 
is alone. The object of education, theretaxing the 
transitory. The soul 
transitory and the expedient that 
is greated to the sould

old:
"For they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance have conquered!
They, winning room to see and hear,
And to men's business not too near.
Through clouds of isdividual strife
Draw homeward to the general life."

A THRIFTY MAINE MAN.

From The Boston Transcript.

In Oldtown is a unan who is making money fast end of clams, though he is at present feeding the clams to his pigs. He keeps a hotel and has bonded a clam flat down around Mt. Desert. His clams arrive each day. He keeps them two weeks, feeding them end enderly meal and Indian meal. They laugh and grow fat. Then he belis them, a bushel at a time. He puts in a quart of water and takes out eight quarts. The water is strained and set saide for a day in a refrigerator. Then it is heated, seasoned with als and pepper and sold for 5 cents a glass. He has a hig trade. A bushel of clams delivered costs 60 cents. He feeds them 40 cents worth. He gives a four-ounce drink. There are thirty-two drinks in a gallon and sixty-four drinks are secured from a bushel of clams. Net profit on a bushel of clams 20, and he sells on some days six gallous. Many try to imitate him, but no one knows how to feed the clams as he doos. His pigs grow fast, moreover.